

Chapter 617 Marcus Has A Son (Part One)

The kiss from Marcus made Melissa's body go limp.

It was a cold winter night but she did not feel cold at all. In fact, her entire body was hot.

Marcus himself was not doing much better. He was a virile young man in the prime of life, but he hadn't had sex for the last three years. Since he was now with the woman he always longed for, he was eager to satisfy his primal urges.

As his sexy, hoarse voice reached Melissa's ears, it made her feel a sense of numbness.

Nevertheless, she was no fool. She knew that his claiming for the files was nothing but a ploy. His main aim was just to get close to her. And she didn't indulge him at all. "Mr. Fowler, it seems you can't easily control your sexual urges."

"Your stubbornness is worth nothing," Marcus retorted.

It was rare for him to speak so rudely to her.

For what seemed like forever, they stared directly at each other as their young bodies trembled as a result of their efforts to hold back their urges. No one else apart from the two of them could understand the amount of lust in this cold winter night and how they both felt.

But after all, they were humans and not animals. Hence, they had to act rationally.

"I'm going upstairs," Melissa said and pushed him away.

Leaning against the car, Marcus watched as she made her way towards the stairs.

Gently wiping the corner of his mouth, he kept his dark eyes fixed on Melissa's retreating figure. Her waist looked really slender and he was itching to grab it. He couldn't help but recall how he felt when he held her in his arms just now.

"I've broken up with Violette," he said softly, his voice sounding clearly in the cold breeze.

Melissa stopped in her tracks when she heard this.

But Marcus continued, "I broke up with her even before I knew about Matthew."

Then he went up to Melissa and gently held her arms from behind. Taking her into his arms, he rested his chin on her neck and whispered "I'm sorry."

He was apologizing for what he said three years ago.

Perhaps Melissa would never forget those words he said that night. Nonetheless, it was necessary for him to apologize.

Right now, she was trembling in his arms.

Marcus didn't say anything. He just held her tightly.

After spending what seemed like an eternity in his arms, Melissa said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Frankly, I don't hate you. On the contrary, I'm very grateful to you, because you were really nice to me. I know you must be wondering why even though I say I don't hate you, I still refuse to be with you.

Actually, Violette is not the main reason for my refusal to be with you.

As far as I'm concerned, if it wasn't her, someone else would have become Mrs. Fowler."

Then she turned in his arms and her eyes looked like they had tears in them. "It's because I don't want to push myself this hard," she went on in a soft voice. "Yes, what you offer is so good. But for someone of my origin there's no way I can really enter into your world, and I don't want to force myself to struggle so hard. That's all."

"What about Matthew? Did you think about him while taking this decision?"

Marcus asked curiously.

"I can take Matthew with me to Heron. It won't affect him very much," she explained.

Marcus looked at her in silence for a moment.

Then he said with a sneer, "It seems you've already thought about it."

Melissa couldn't deny it. She really had planned this before now.

Now, Marcus' heart, which had softened in the middle of the night, became hardened again. He lowered his head, lit a cigarette and took a slow and deep drag. "Okay then. Let's see how far you can go," he said in a tone of finality.

With that, he opened the door and started the car. Clearly, he was not happy at all.

Two streams of exhaust gas streamed out of the rear of the car as the vehicle was revved harshly.

Melissa quickly took a few steps back, keeping enough distance between herself and the car. Then almost immediately, it sped off.

When Melissa got into the house, it was very quiet and dark. She sighed deeply and leaned against the door for a long time.

Early the next morning at breakfast, Melissa tried to talk to Julie, but Julie seemed to be absent-minded, which was quite rare. Believing that she did not have a good sleep, Melissa didn't think much about her absentmindedness. But just as Melissa was about to go to the company, the doorbell rang.

She thought it was Marcus again and she couldn't help but frown in displeasure.

But when the door was opened, the person she saw standing there was Julie's son, Shawn Wilson.

Shawn had been a very irresponsible individual for the past two or three years. He loved gambling which led to him owing a lot of debts. His wife and child had left him because they just couldn't cope with him anymore. Julie often cried over that her son had turned out the way he did.

But Shawn never asked Melissa for help. Instead, he always brought some delicious food for Matthew whenever he came by for a visit.

Maybe Matthew reminded him of his own child.

Melissa stepped aside, giving Shawn room to pass into the living room.

In his hand was a bag of fruit. He bent over and changed his shoes. Then he asked her, "Matthew is still sleeping?"

"Yes." Melissa nodded in the affirmative. "He's not up yet."

Then she looked at her watch and said, "I'll be taking the subway to work and I have to go now. So, help yourself, Shawn."

"Okay then." Shawn nodded. "Hurry up though. You know how difficult it is to get through the subway in the morning"

At this time, Julie slammed the bowl of dough on the table and snapped in a tone of displeasure, "Why did you come here at this time of the day when you knew that Melissa would be going to work?"

Shawn scratched his head in embarrassment, not knowing what to say.

"He just wants to see Matthew," Melissa said with a smile on his behalf.

With that, she opened the door and left.

After Melissa had gone, Julie began to roll out the dough.

"Mom, let me help you with it," Shawn offered after standing aside and watching her for several minutes.

But Julie gave him a hard knock on the back of his hand with the rolling pin.

"Melissa thinks you are a good person, but I know you too well," she said to him in a tone filled with resentment. "You're just like your father: a gambler. He ended up in jail and made me homeless. But you are even worse than him. Your wife and child left you. Why are you here? You came to ask Melissa for help? Well, for your information, she has to pay a hefty house mortgage every month. She doesn't have any money to lend you. If you dare try to ask her for money, I'll kill you so that you'll no

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+120 Points at most

longer be a nuisance to others.*



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